

call me an amenity (even if it's in my dreams)

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call me an amenity (even if it's in my dreams)

by [acatalepsy](#)

Summary

“Act normal!” He glares, leaning in close and jabbing his finger at his reflection. “*Be normal, Clay.*”

He runs the faucet as cold as it can go, splashes freezing water on his face over and over again. Thinks of his grandma and his dead childhood dog. Fucking thinks of Sapnap in a maid costume. *Anything.*

“Don’t make it weird. Do *not* make this weird.”

—

Or: Recently Dream has been having some very interesting, well, *dreams* about his best friend. Go figure. And then, to make matters worse, Twitter just has to get involved.

Notes

update 26/07/21: russian translation now available [here](#) courtesy of emmaxcrane!

idk why i feel so good about writing this one. there's just something about sapnap becoming more and more unhinged trying to deal with DNF that just Hits for me. also writing all the disney scenes made me :) ah. when they finally meet irl i'm gonna die.

i wish i could say that this fic was entirely inspired by the song 'stranger exchange' by elder island like it initially was when i was just kind of, daydreaming abt them making out and wrote that initial scene but the truth is 'bad liar' by selenagomez is dream's fucking Anthem. THERE. I SAID IT. that song was written for the man.

TWs for dream and george being twenty-year-old men who make shitty "politically incorrect" jokes in private. i'm really exposing the True DNF.

this is the spiciest shit i have EVER written. my ace card is gonna be SNATCHED after this. sorry, jughead.

also !!!! while this may be a cheesy, fluffy fic about Dream being so horny that he almost dies — it's legitimately inspired by real tweets i've seen. and i do stand by its moral. real life people physically cannot "queer bait". it really doesn't work like that. repeat after me, friends: Real Human Beings aren't "rep."

P.S. Simon Pegg and Nick Frost are LGBT culture, and the cornetto trilogy is ours.

sometimes? love is orange juice.

- walter

So ... Recently Dream has been having some very interesting, well, *dreams*. Go figure.

It's around a month after George's cooking stream when it first happens. God knows why.

When it starts out, the dreams aren't anything out of the ordinary. Just moments where they're hanging out together — chatting as per usual, except just in person this time. Nothing weird about that. George is usually in a lot of his dreams anyway. It's kind of hard for him not to be when they spend ninety percent of their time on call.

But then one day, inexplicably, things are ... different.

They're standing in George's kitchen, bantering. It's chill. The conversation is witty and light and you know, they're *popping off*. It's just play-arguing about something stupid — they're probably still hung up on the whole pancake vs. crêpe debate, honestly — and George ends up backing him into the corner against the fridge, getting up in his face to prove his point. So Dream, naturally, goes to shove him away.

But he's so close. Close enough that Dream can see the light smattering of freckles across his cheeks and the amber flecks in his irises.

A smile quirks at the corner of George's mouth and Dream rolls his eyes and goes to say

something, but before he gets the opportunity the way George is looking at him suddenly ... shifts from playful to an expression he's never seen on his face before. It's almost *confused*, searching, something else. It makes Dream feel oddly exposed.

And then George leans forward. Dream doesn't know what he's doing until he feels George's breath ghosting his neck as he trails his mouth down to meet his collarbone, warmth pooling in his lower abdomen.

See — *this* is the part where Dream should have stopped, pushed George off of him, because *what the hell*. Even when asleep, some part of his subconscious mind yells at him that the repercussions of him — *tentatively bi-curious* — having this sort of dream about George — his *very* straight, very reticent best friend — might just rapidly devolve into a whole *thing* that he's not exactly prepared to get into just yet.

But, because he's *not* smart, instead of pulling away, he just ... doesn't. Automatically he tilts his head back, heart racing as George's fingers curl into the fabric of his shirt and slam him up against the wall. His mind goes cloudy. Dream is so *confused* but his whole body feels hot and strange and he finds himself shifting his weight to pin George beneath him and he can't stop, needs him to be *closer*.

He pants into George's mouth, hands trembling as they find his waist, fumble with his belt. Colour and light blurs, the dream fragments. Dream straddles George's hips and watches him shuddering, writhing beneath him. A shaky hand comes up, fingers weaving through his hair, dragging him back down, desperately bringing their mouths back together. George groans into the contact, grinds against him —

And then Dream wakes up in bed gasping, gripping the bed sheets, and his boxers are for some reason too tight and —

Oh fuck.

Well, his immediate thought isn't actually *oh fuck*. Or even, *well, I might be a bit gay for my best friend, then!* Although, those concerns do come later. What he first thinks is — *that was really fucking weird*.

This is quickly followed by a line of absolutely solid, air-tight reasoning. Everyone has strange, Freudian dreams about people they know sometimes! And dreaming about sleeping with your best friend is hardly novel. (Google says so. It's 'common'! He's *fine*.) Dreams don't mean anything. They're just ... random-brain-junk; his subconscious throwing shit together. It's like — the human equivalent of defragging. All the ship jokes and the TikTok edits and everything — it's just making him *confused*.

But after that, it's like suddenly a switch is flipped in his brain. Every time they talk now it's like he's seeing George in an entirely new light. Has he always looked like that? Sounded like that? Why can't he stop looking at his fucking *hands*? Every time someone makes a stupid joke on stream about 'dreamnotfound' over *Minecraft* or *Quiplash* — which is literally no different to the type of jokes he's said a million times before — he wants to bury himself in his hoodie forever and hide, or possibly *die*. Do they know? Is it that obvious?

Unfortunately, the dreams don't go away. Because of course they don't.

In the following months Dream's unconscious mind manages to fill pretty much every moment between wakefulness with visions of he and George in just about every compromising situation known to man. Having sex in the car, at a motel, in an airplane bathroom, in Dream's office ... At

one point he even has a dream that they're doing it *while on stream*, which almost sends him into fucking cardiac arrest when he wakes up.

And to make matters worse on top of that he's developed a *new* problem. Or, rather an old problem seems to have gotten suddenly exponentially much more obvious. First of all, he's a naturally flirty person, okay? So. It's not like that wasn't a thing *before*. Plus, he's also never had the best brain-mouth filter, courtesy of his ADHD. But now what's happening is that every time he's around George his filter seems to have ceased functioning *entirely*.

The amount of stupid bullshit he finds himself saying is borderline embarrassing. The weird innuendos increase tenfold. But he can't help it. It just ... *keeps happening*. No matter how hard he tries, it's like his brain has been hijacked with some sort of virus that makes him physically incapable of preventing every single cringe-inducing insinuation about the two of them that pops into his head from just getting blurted out, even when it happens to be in public in front of literally tens of thousands of viewers.

It's getting ridiculous. Chat and Twitter are inclined to agree. "*Dream is getting BOLD*" is a common refrain. He doesn't know what he's doing, but he can't stop acting like an idiot, making these stupid *jokes* about the two of them. George literally confronts him at one point — outright asks him what his deal is when they're both lying in bed on a private call.

"I dunno. You're just ... *really* playing into the bit recently. That's all."

Dream tries to laugh as casually as possible. "Well, y'know. I'm a philanthropist. A man of the people."

George raises an incredulous eyebrow.

"And it brings in the donos."

"I can't believe you're just whoring our relationship out for money. My *feelings*, Dream. Dream, my *feelings*."

"Well, I've gotta provide everyone their fan service. Or whatever."

"Or whatever?" George smirks.

"Fuck you."

"Listen. If the roles were reversed right now, this is the part where you'd say '*you wish*'. It's like you've got Tourettes or something. Gay Tourettes."

"That's offensive. I could cancel you for that."

"You would really do that? You would cancel me, Dreamie?" George bats his eyelashes.

"Yeah. I'm actually drafting a Hashtag-George-Is-Over-Party tweet right now."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah. And I'm gonna get so many *likes*."

* * *

Actually, what ends up happening next isn't that far off. Except it isn't *George* who's strung up in the metaphorical village square, forced to face a sudden and very belligerent public reckoning.

Apparently being ‘bold’ is no longer funny, and his quasi-flirtation (or — just *normal* flirtation?) has become ripe grounds for cancellation.

#DreamIsOverParty trends for what feels like the billionth time that year.

What he’s doing — it’s *excessive*. It’s *weird*.

Why would a straight guy be making all of these jokes? At a community’s expense? Why is he leaning into this bit so hard?

A long twitter thread expounds upon the many reasons why Dream’s pseudo-romantic relationship with George has gone ‘too far’, how people are feeling insulted and upset. It asks, not in the kindest of ways, what the *deal is* exactly with them acting like two guys possibly dating would be this huge comedic *thing*. *Isn’t that something that we left in 2007, guys? We just expect better from you.*

Someone replies: *Oh, come on. They’re not characters. They’re friends. They’re allowed to joke amongst themselves about stuff like that. Y’all are weird.*

Another says: *It’s different when you have a platform and that much influence. They might not want to be characters, but they are. They have public personas. They choose what they put online for everyone to see. This whole thing just feels weird. Like? Why retweet ship fanart of them?? What’s the joke?*

Are you kidding?????? The joke is that they’re friends and it’s literally art of them. It’s got their faces in it. Go off, I guess.

The optics of this are so fucking weird. In the end, Dream’s just making fun of mlm relationships. It’s that simple.

GUYS — please remember that Dream and George are actual human beings with feelings. What’s the alternative, literally forcing people out of the closet?

It makes Dream’s brain feel like it’s gone into system overload, his mind’s very own equivalent of a Blue Screen of Death. He doesn’t know what he’s doing, doesn’t even understand his own feelings. And now there’s a fucking angry mob after him for reasons that he legitimately cannot explain.

* * *

The process of Dream grieving his former life as an out-and-proud, practicing heterosexual goes like this:

At first, as seen, he’s adamant that whatever weird thoughts he’s been having — and his additional problem with blurting out embarrassing shit on stream — have been just some sort of fluke. A result of making too many dumb jokes, reading too many fanfics for the hell of it, seeing too many hilarious TikTok ‘thirst edits’ of George on his FYP set to the fucking slowed version of *Goodbye* by FEDER.

And then after that, surprisingly, he’s kind of pissed off. Well, actually, *a lot* pissed off. Especially with George — for breaking his brain — but also with himself. He doesn’t know why he can’t just pull himself together and act fucking *normal*. It’s not just that, though — in fact, it seems no one is immune to Dream’s ‘newfound crankiness’ as Sapnap puts it lightly one afternoon when he becomes increasingly snappy over stream. The fanbase, which once was his absolute favourite thing about streaming, has suddenly started to irritate him to no end. Obviously, he said he was

okay with shipping before — whatever, it's funny, people can do what they want — but now, yeah, no — he's changed his mind. Now he just wants everyone to *leave him the fuck alone*. Every time he goes online he's forced to be reminded of it. Plus, people are still asking him to make a 'statement' about what's been going on, and the idea of trying to come up with literally *anything* he'd be comfortable with putting online is enough to make him want to delete all his social media entirely. What the fuck do they *want* from him? Why is every little thing he does everyone else's business? *Why can't these feelings just go away?*

When he finally cools down, Sapnap starts emerging from his bedroom more readily again as opposed to what he was doing before — which was essentially just hiding. Dream apologises profusely after that, tries to make it up to him by cooking dinner every night for like, a week until eventually Sapnap has to step in and physically state that if he eats any more wagyu beef he's going to die of heart failure like Jschlatt fifty streams into an SMP arc.

As he tentatively repairs his relationship with Sapnap and his fans over stream, realises that he's been acting like *kind of an asshole*, he starts trying to be more rational about this. It doesn't have to be as big of a deal as he's making it out to be in his head. So, he's got feelings for George. That doesn't mean he has to act on them or anything! He can just keep it to himself. *No one has to know*. And that doesn't make him gay or bi or *whatever*. It's just ... just this one thing. This one time. And it'll probably go away! Lockdown's been making him stir crazy, cooped up indoors all day with no one else around except for Sapnap, so it's not like he's having any hookups. *Yeah, right*, a small voice whispers at the back of his mind. *Like you were going on so many Tinder dates before*.

And then — just when things were seeming to improve — the *angst* hits him like a fucking freight train.

Why did he ever think this was going to be okay? He's screwed. This whole situation *sucks*. And he can't do anything about it. Sapnap practically has to drag him out of bed every morning for their streams, when all he wants to do is sleep in everyday till 2:00 p.m., not wanting to face anyone at all. His friends are naturally worried for his mental health, as they should be — he's barely sleeping, eating, holding it together at all — and they keep asking him what's wrong, but there's nothing he can say, nothing he's willing to admit, so he just shrugs his shoulders and mumbles something about quarantine and not getting enough sleep. Sapnap's actually midway through trying to get him to book a therapy appointment, just over Zoom, to talk to literally *anyone*, when one day he wakes up and it seems like the fog has finally lifted. And what's left in its wake is just — resigned acceptance.

So, he's probably bisexual. Actually, deep down he's kind of known that for a while.

And yeah — he *definitely* has a thing for his straight best friend. So that's great.

Those are the facts — and there's nothing he can do to change them, except for wait and hope that he can somehow claw his way back to acting *somewhat* normal around George again. So that's exactly what he's going to do.

That night, his phone starts blowing up with Discord notifications. The travel ban's been lifted.

Fuck.

* * *

Ever since they've made it back home from the airport it's evident that "acting somewhat normal" is actually going to be a *lot* harder than he initially thought it would be. In fact, the idea that at one time he thought it would be in any way easy to keep George from knowing about his feelings is

now laughable.

He doesn't want to stare, has been trying *very hard* not to, but every time they're talking he can barely concentrate because he's using up so much of his brain power trying to appear both interested and casual and also whatever the hell his best approximation of *straight guy* is. (Spoiler alert: Trying to do that is actually a one way ticket to acting *incredibly* fucking weird.)

If anything, George has more reason to be ogling *him*. *He's* the one who's never seen Dream's face before. And now they're finally just — right there in front of one another. No screens between them, no mics or webcams, no audience, nothing. Yet he seems totally relaxed, and calm, unlike Dream who feels so self-conscious it's like his face is constantly *burning*. He's so goddamn obvious. Despite all that, oddly the most he gets from George about his appearance is that he looks: "Good. Like, your face matches your voice, if that makes sense." Which he *thinks* is a compliment? Although, with George it's sometimes hard to tell.

While George barrels on, talking about servers and collabs and transferring his new set-up to the Florida guest bedroom, Dream's gaze keeps flitting to his mouth, his hands, his hair, the five-o'clock shadow at his jawline from where he hasn't had time to shave yet. It makes him look slightly disheveled and sleepy, like when he stays up till all hours of the morning with their time difference so they can stream together *just a little bit longer*. Except, of course, without the weird and washed out, protanopia-induced colour settings. As it turns out, George is a lot less pale in real life.

"Are you even listening to me?"

He flushes. "Uh —"

"*Dream.*"

"I'm not taking my meds at the moment," he blurts.

Which is literally a lie. Why the fuck is he lying? Why is he acting so goddamn *guilty*?

"What?"

"Yeah — sorry. I'm back now. Locked in. *Focused*. Keep going."

George raises his eyebrows and does that tiny, disbelieving smile he does before shrugging. It's cute. Dream wants to punch something.

* * *

As it turns out, his predictions after that first day were pretty much spot on. Having George live with them turns out to be an endless challenge on Dream's part. He feels constantly like he's seconds away from accidentally blurting out something incredibly incriminating, that he's going to give all his feelings away.

Even he and Sapnap's weekly movie night — formerly a chill way to unwind after work, where maybe they'd have a couple of beers (or *a lot* of beers depending upon the quality of the movie) and just shoot the shit — is now a war zone filled with opportunities for potential embarrassment.

They're half-an-hour into watching *Hot Fuzz*, which is in George's humble opinion, apparently the best film of all time, and all crowded together with a bowl of popcorn balanced between them on Dream's lap. Sapnap sits perched on one of the couch's armrests, tipping back his drink, and then hops up to get another from the half finished twelve-pack on the coffee table. And as he does, George shifts where he's sitting, accidentally makes the dire mistake of brushing up against

Dream's leg as he reaches for the bowl. Suddenly it feels like he's been shot up with electricity. It's about then that Dream realises there's no *way* he's going to make it through the rest of this movie. His heart starts racing, and his face feels hot and —

“Um!” Dream jumps up, nearly spilling popcorn everywhere. “Just — gonna go take a leak. BRB!”

“You're such a *nerd*. Who says ‘BRB’ in real life?” George calls after him, not looking away from the screen. “Hey, do you want me to pause it for you? *Dream?*”

He's already racing upstairs, slamming the bathroom door behind him, practically collapsing against it. Letting out a shaky sigh of relief, he sags forward, waits for his heart to stop hammering before he rounds on himself in the mirror.

“Act normal!” He glares, leaning in close and jabbing his finger at his reflection. “*Be normal, Clay.*”

He runs the faucet as cold as it can go, splashes freezing water on his face over and over again. Thinks of his grandma and his dead childhood dog. Fucking thinks of Sapnap in a maid costume. *Anything.*

“Don't make it weird. Do *not* make this weird.” He wets his face again, hangs his head, hands dangling over the sink.

Honest to God, if you'd told him this time last year that he'd be spending this amount of time during the few precious weeks where he and George were *finally* able to meet up, quite literally holed up and hiding from him in the bathroom because he's having a sexuality crisis, he would have thought you were fucking with him. Or — in the very least been disappointed that he would act like such a goddamn coward.

But he doesn't know what to *do*! How the hell is he supposed to get through this vacation? What if George wants to stay on for longer than their trial run of a couple of weeks? How can he *possibly* hide his feelings? He isn't like George! He can't just fucking turn them off and on at will, keep all his shit bottled up inside. The dude's like fucking *Spock*. Whereas with Dream ... All his emotions are right there on the surface to see, just end up spilling out of him unbidden because of his stupid broken filter.

“... Dream?”

There's a tentative knocking behind him, Sapnap's voice muffled.

“Uh, dude. *Occupied.*”

“What are you doing in there? I can hear you talking to yourself.”

Dream swings open the door to reveal Sapnap standing there, fist poised to knock again, with a look of utter confusion painted across his features.

“... Why is your face wet?”

He yanks him into the bathroom and Sapnap stumbles in.

“What —“

“Sapnap, Nick — *Dude*. You've gotta help me.”

Sapnap looks around the bathroom confused. “Um ... Are you okay? What ...”

“I think I —“ Dream bites his bottom lip and frowns. “Well. I think that I might ...” He groans, pacing, wringing his hands out. “*Why is this so fucking awkward?*”

Sapnap raises an eyebrow with a mildly concerned smile.

“I — think I might — have, uh ...” He clears his throat. “... *You know*. Uh. Feelings.”

“Congratulations! You’re not a psychopath.”

“... For George.”

Sapnap’s eyes widen and he opens his mouth. And then he closes it. And then he looks behind him and then he turns back to Dream. Before eventually saying, very eloquently: “Holy fucking shit.”

Dream puts his head in his hands.

“Holy *fucking* shit.”

“Keep it down.”

“Dude! This is ... You ... This *whole time* — When you were — And on *stream*? With — with the —“

Dream groans pitifully.

“Wow.”

“Is that all you have to say?”

“It ... makes a lot of sense?” Sapnap spreads his hands helplessly.

Dream feels like he’s about to *cry* or something. “Sapnap, I’m fucked.”

“You ... ah. Yeah, no. I can see why this might be a problem.”

“What am I going to *do*?”

“Well. You know, I feel like in any other circumstances I would say for you to just tell him. Like, communicate. Kind of like a normal, *healthy* human relationship? But you know Gogy better than me. He’s weird. And ... I dunno. British. He might get ...” Sapnap struggles for the word.

“Awkward? Weird? Freeze up and never talk to me again because he’s too goddamn reserved to know what to say so he just won’t say anything at all?”

“Yeah. He’s kind of a wild card. I don’t really know what he’d *do* ...”

Dream takes a deep breath in and rubs at his chin.

“So ... You’re gay now?”

‘Now’? What does that even mean?

“No, I’m not gay.”

“But ... ?”

“Well. This is a new development.”

Sapnap lets out a short, bright laugh. “Did — Did George’s pretty privilege literally *break* your sexuality? Jesus Christ, when will someone stop that man?”

“I don’t know. But they need to do it soon. He’s ruining my life.”

“Aw, Dream.” Sapnap shakes his head, expression fond. “You know. It’s actually kind of nice to see you this hung up on someone for once.”

“Yeah, it’s great. I’m having a *great time*.”

Eventually Sapnap manages to calm him down enough that they are able to creep back downstairs. George gives them a tentative, questioning glance when they flop back down on the couch next to him, and Sapnap just shrugs his shoulders, snatches up the bowl of popcorn. Dream doesn’t take his eyes off of the screen for the rest of the movie, even when he can feel George’s gaze occasionally drift to search his face. The movie continues to play on in the background, the actors’ muffled voices filling the room, but at this point Dream has lost the thread of the plot entirely.

“... *You’re good at what you do, you just need to learn to switch off.*”

“*That’s just it — I don’t think I know how.*”

“*I can show you.*”

“You okay?” George murmurs, low and quiet enough that only Dream can hear, face illuminated only by the flickering light of the flatscreen in the dark. Dream tries not to react at the warmth of his breath on his ear.

“Fine. Just ... Don’t worry about it. Keep watching your movie, man.”

“My movie?”

“Yeah, *your* movie.”

George shrugs and snuggles back down into the couch, content with Dream’s answer, nurses his beer with an aborted yawn.

* * *

It’s been a month now, and Dream is still yet to acknowledge his ‘cancellation’ or the ‘Twitter drama’ still crowding up his timeline. There’s less vitriol behind it now than there was when it initially began — probably because Dream’s been streaming a lot less recently with George being in Florida (less chance of him making any more stupid *jokes* online) — but people are still angry, still waiting for a ‘statement’.

The crappy PR hasn’t made a *huge* dent in any of his stats, but at the same time seeing any decline in his numbers strikes this painful chord with his RSD, gives him this awful feeling that he’s failing somehow. It’s stupid — and he doesn’t really want the people that are saying these things about him in his ‘fanbase’ or watching his stuff anyway — so for the most part he tries to ignore it. Because what else can he do? Out himself? Tell everyone to mind their own business and come across as weirdly defensive? It’s not fair. It’s hypocritical. These people act like they’re paragons of morality, crusaders of the LGBT+ community or whatever, when in reality they’re just persecuting him for still being in the closet — as if he’s playing with them, not being good enough ‘rep’ or something, when he’s a *person*, not a character in a shitty CW show.

All of these anxieties, Dream tries his best to shove down as he and George slowly make their way down the list of activities they had planned together over the couple of months they'd blocked in for George's stay. Although being the focus of so much 'internet drama' *is* stressful, it's surprisingly easy to let himself forget what's going on at the moment, to push it all to the back of his mind and relax into just how fucking *good* it is to finally be able to see his best friend in real life, to hang out in person; hug him, mess up his hair and tease the *crap* out of him for being short.

Leading up to George finally flying over, there were so many things Dream couldn't wait to do, his brain practically buzzing with possibilities after so many hours staying up late, literally falling asleep on call together while they daydreamed about it. In particular, he was keen to show George around Disney World and Universal Studios (they still haven't got round to that yet, actually) — seeing as George hasn't been to many theme-parks before; which as someone born and raised in Florida, Dream finds more than slightly baffling. *Also*, up until that point George had somehow gone his whole life without ever having tried a Twinkie, so that was on his list of 'Authentic American Experiences' to get through. Actually, that one they managed to check off of the list pretty quickly, on the car-ride home from the airport. (An underwhelming response, to say in the least. Evidently, Twinkies do not rate very high on Gogy's patent-pending scale of *Culinary Delights* — although, to be honest, Dream can't really blame him for that one).

That day, Dream eventually acquiesces to George's demands vis a vis the fact that (because he's a fucking *geek*) he's been going on for *weeks* about how much fun they'd have if they visited the Kennedy Space Center together; really, seemed *much* more interested in that than anything else Dream had planned for their holiday. Even though Dream's been about a million times before, he's not prepared to dash his best friend's dreams over that one.

So they load a couple of backpacks up with water-bottles and snacks, and make the hour long drive down to Merritt Island, detouring through Cape Canaveral, while the whole way George beams like a child as he sits shotgun, cycles through *Beatles* singles over the AUX, and is overall way too impressed at the sheer amount of knowledge Dream happens to have accrued about the Space Centre just by virtue of osmosis, growing up nearby. It does *nothing* for his ego, and he tries to not let it show too readily how much the praise makes it feel like his heart's glowing with enough intensity to power about *seven* trips to the moon and back.

They're wandering around an enormous auditorium, having just left the show-room displaying the towering, 180-square foot replica of the Hubble Space Telescope, when George broaches the subject, pretty casually, while they gaze up at a full-scale model of the space shuttle Atlantis, hanging from the ceiling. His dark hair is feathered with a stark halo of electric, cobalt blue light, expression half-cast in shadow.

"I was just wondering, I mean ... What you're gonna *do*."

George gracefully avoids mentioning the actual subject of his question, the *real* reason that they're even having this conversation in the first place, *the elephant in the room*. And yet somehow, after all this time, Dream immediately knows what he's asking about.

The problem, of course, is *him*. Fucking, five-foot-nine, wide-eyed, 'pretty privilege' *George*, with his arch, unreadable smiles and his infuriating way of causing his brain to blue-screen at any given moment. How is he supposed to have a conversation about this when the issue here is that he's quite literally being publicly shamed for making too many 'gay jokes' about his best friend? *When the best friend in question is the one fucking asking him about it?* Not for the first time he asks himself how the hell he managed to get into this situation.

"... Do?"

“About people being pissed at you, I mean. *Twitter*. I’m getting way less hate than you, but even that bit I do have is ... It’s stressful. I get it.”

“Uhhhh.” Dream rubs the back of his neck, runs his fingers through his hair and thinks before leaning forward, gripping the metal railing, pretending to suddenly be *very* interested in the shuttle’s payload doors, all the tangled mess of machinery inside. Eventually he settles for something that he hopes doesn’t sound *too* abstruse, while also remaining vague enough that he doesn’t feel like a liar. It’s an interesting balance to try to strike. “I dunno, man. I feel like I shouldn’t have to explain myself.”

George just looks at him for a long moment, gaze searching, his expression unreadable, before finally shrugging his shoulders. “Okay, then.”

And Dream has no *idea* what he’s thinking.

For all intents and purposes, most of the time he would consider himself to be a ‘Gogy Expert’. He prides himself in his ability to divine exactly what he might think about something, like a joke, or a new game, or TV series — but when it comes to matters like this, he’s a fucking enigma. He’s just got no clue. Even with being able to see him right there in front of him in person, he’s not able to parse what George’s expression means. He seems oddly ... content? Relieved? Some strange mix of thoughtful and pleased? It’s like somehow by Dream saying what he did, he’s said the right thing or something.

He’s always so goddamn cryptic.

And then George smiles easily, speaks and breaks Dream out of his contemplation, grabbing him by the hand and lacing their fingers together like it’s the easiest thing on the planet. “Come on. Let’s go look at the telescope again!”

So they do.

* * *

That night, Dream has another *dream*.

One where they’re back at the Space Center, standing huddled together in the surprisingly-empty-for-once theatre as George stands on his tip-toes, craning his neck to get a better look at the telescope.

So, again, like in real life, Dream ends up in wheezing fits of laughter, teasing him *mercilessly*, before giving him a piggy-back ride, precariously hoisting him up to balance him on his shoulders so he can get a better view, all the while hoping no security guard walks in and stops them from being idiots. But no one seems to notice or mind.

However, when they eventually collapse to the floor breathless and giggling like schoolboys, instead of pulling themselves together and finally moving on to the next room to look at the Space Shuttle — and instead of rehashing the *Twitter conversation* — this time George is much less interested in the matter of Dream’s moral rectification in the eyes of the social internet, and much more interested in mapping out all the various constellations of his body with his mouth.

* * *

“What’d you dream about last night?”

Jesus fucking Christ. It’s like he’s some sort of goddamn mind reader.

George flops down on the couch next to him, kicking up his socked feet and shoving them into Dream's lap until he groans and pushes him off. Meanwhile, his heart is racing because — *What the fuck? Does he know? How would he know? There's no way he could know. Stop being stupid.* He tries not to let this internal war waging on within him show on his face.

"Uh. You know. Just stuff."

"‘Stuff’? Dream, that's so fucking *shady*." An effervescent laugh bubbles out of George before he stretches, yawns.

"I'm sorry! I don't know. I —" Dream can feel his face flushing and folds his arms, huffs. "Actually, I can't even remember."

"Really," George deadpans.

"Yes. Dude, what? Do *you* remember all of your dreams?"

"No. *Obviously*, I don't. But you're acting all —"

"All what?"

George narrows his eyes in mock-accusation. "*Suspicious*."

"Why do you wanna know about my dreams so badly anyway, huh, Gogy?"

"Eh," he shrugs.

"*Eh*," Dream mimics back.

Before George can cut in, say anything else that will make Dream appear any more *questionable* he quickly changes the subject, collapsing back against the couch.

"I'm *bored*." He pinwheels his legs in the air, flops forward again, and starts bouncing his knee.

George tilts his head to the side with a look of fondness on his face. "Wanna mess around and do a chill stream or something?"

Dream sighs. "I don't really feel like working at the moment. I thought we could just ... I dunno. Hang out. Do something. I just wanna enjoy the time we have while you're here."

Weirdly enough, at that moment George's face does something funny. If Dream didn't know any better he'd think that he looks a bit disappointed — or sad maybe? But he doesn't know why. Why would George be *sad* about Dream wanting to make the most of their time together? Why would *that* bother him? He could just be interpreting the situation wrong, but where George seemed open before, something has ever so subtly changed between them to be closed off, his body now angled slightly away from him on the couch.

"Yeah, no. You're right. Let's just ... Chill out. Watch a movie?"

"You sure? We could still stream, if that's what you wanna do."

George purses his lips, shrugs his shoulders, looks away, before eventually nodding.

* * *

That night, instead of the usual dreams that they're *snogging* — as George so eloquently refers to it

— instead what happens is that they're about to, well, get to the *good part* of the dream (he's not going to *lie*) when suddenly he's being yelled at, seemingly out of nowhere. One minute Dream thinks they're about to make out, the next George is completely out-of-the-blue shoving him out of his lap on the couch, calling him an idiot, dumbass, an oblivious moron, *several* other synonyms in that same vein.

And for some reason, when he wakes up, instead of fading it just kind of ... sticks.

The dream lingers in his mind all day, which is *stupid* because it's *just* a dream. It's not real. It doesn't mean anything. In real life George didn't do anything wrong, hasn't done anything to make him mad, so it's not fair for Dream to be giving him the cold shoulder. But he just feels *weird* about it and can't explain why. To his credit, the next day George seems to have been acting oddly as well, to the point where it feels like they're in an almost stand-off, neither of them wanting to cave first and give into asking why the other has suddenly stopped reaching out.

Sapnap's standing in the living-room that night, blocking their view of the TV and trying to pry out of them what take-away order they want when he finally snaps, brings up how weirdly quiet they're being, in contrast to the usual mile-a-minute banter filling their apartment.

"All right. I'm *done*. You two are being idiots."

"What?"

"Listen. *Guys*. While I would normally *really* appreciate not feeling like a third-wheel for once when it comes to your ... *clinginess* ... somehow *whatever this is* is even worse; this fucking passive aggressive, game of silent Chicken that you guys have got going on. So can you *please* get over whatever weird lovers-spat this is and just tell me what you want from *Burger King*."

By the time he's finished his rant, Sapnap looks just *entirely* fed up with the two of them, arms folded, chest heaving.

To hand it to him, this seems to snap them out of it. George blushes, Dream ducks his head, and the both of them just sit there overall feeling weirdly like they've been scolded by a parent, before rattling off their orders.

"Sorry," Dream mumbles.

"Thank you. Make up. Make out. Whatever. *I don't care*."

When Sapnap heads out, door slamming behind him, Dream finally looks up to make eye-contact with George from across the couch, and it's just so ridiculous that they both inexplicably start laughing.

"What the hell are we doing right now?"

"*I don't know*," George buries his head in his hands, stifling fits of giggles.

"I — I seriously don't even know what happened. Why I've been so ..." Dream trails off, at a loss for words.

"Yeah, to be fair, I don't really understand what I've been doing either."

"We should — We should just try to start again. Act normal, right?"

George snorts. "*Normal*. Yeah, okay."

“Cool.”

They both sit there, staring at each other for a long moment, before starting to giggle again.

“We’re so ... stupid.”

He can’t believe he let his stupid brain and its weird propensity for conjuring up the worst possible dream at the worst possible moment so rapidly derail the holiday he was supposed to be having with his best friend. Where they’re supposed to be having *fun*. And he somehow managed to end up getting all weird and pissed off over something that *didn’t even really happen*.

“Yeah. We are.” George sighs as he collapses back against the couch cushions.

“Would you believe me if I said I had a dream where we were fighting and then it like, spilled over into real-life?”

George laughs. “Are you serious?”

“Yeah, man. I have literally no clue what happened.”

“Wow, Dreamie. That’s somehow even more stupid than my reason for acting like a jerk.”

“Which is?”

He taps his nose (*cryptically*) and Dream rolls his eyes, is about to get up and start getting some plates out for when Sapnap gets back home with the food, when George suddenly pauses, confused.

“... Wait. You’re saying you were dreaming about *me*?”

“Yeah. And you were being a jerk.”

“But ... But it was *me*? *In the dream*?”

“Dude. What the hell?” Dream raises an eyebrow, legitimately wondering if George is all right mentally at the moment. “Yes. Who else? *That’s the reason I’ve been acting like such an asshole*. Because for some reason my brain just — decided to conjure up this weird scenario where we were arguing. Plus, we’re best friends. So, you know, I dream about you all the time, anyway.”

Just ... maybe not in the way that you’re probably thinking. But you really don’t need to know that.

George frowns, seeming to get lost in thought.

“... Why?”

“No reason.”

* * *

Over the next few days, after they’ve made up post their sort-of-kind-of-not-quite *fight*, things rapidly start improving — almost immediately return to how they always were. Or — maybe they’re *slightly* different. George is suddenly acting suspiciously nice to him, even gives in to Dream’s pestering so they end up going to Disney World. *Finally*.

The trip actually ends up being a great time, hilarious, although a bit of a disaster at first because as it turns out both Dream *and* George share somewhat of an embarrassing fear of rollercoasters.

Funnily enough, Sapnap doesn't have this fear, just watches the two of them, vaguely amused as they end up psyching each other out, trying to prove who's the least scared, challenging each other to go on rides with worse and worse loops and both absolutely hating it.

When they're in line for Space Mountain and Dream is shifting from foot to foot anxiously while George acts like an absolute hypocrite and teases him again, he points out that it's not fair because George doesn't even have to worry about being literally *decapitated* from being too tall and accidentally sitting up too straight or not ducking enough. But instead of being sympathetic George thinks this is a *hilarious* phobia to have for some reason. Obviously they haven't been reading the same Wikipedia pages.

The whole day, despite them making fun of each other, George has been hanging around weirdly close to him, too. Dragging him around by linking their hands, hooking their arms together, sitting jammed up against his side when they're crammed into roller-coaster seats. And Dream is trying his best not to think too much of it. Maybe that's how he acts around his friends at home? It's not *impossible*. Although, come to think of it, he isn't really clingy with Sapnap either.

At one point, they're stopped, sitting down for lunch in a little alcove — hot dogs and french fries with tomato sauce and little bottles of orange juice — when George literally starts *feeding him* candy-floss by hand; but then again, he's also making stupid noises with his mouth and telling Dream to '*open up for the plane*', however, so he's not necessarily sure that constitutes *flirting* exactly. Regardless, George is just so fucking *close* to him. And his fingers keep *accidentally* grazing his bottom lip, in a way that makes his breath stutter in his chest. Meanwhile Sapnap is *very* pointedly maintaining a staring contest with a guy in a life-size Goofy costume from across the food court.

"Hey, guys — do you think the people dressed as Disney mascots count as furies? Like, do you think that's a fursuit? Or is it just a suit that happens to look like an anthropomorphised animal?"

"Uh —" Dream blinks, trying to concentrate. He's aware that Sapnap is saying ... something.

George smirks, rips off another piece of cotton candy fluff and waves it around in front of Dream's mouth. "What do you think, Dream?"

"Sorry — I wasn't ..." He can't stop looking at George's fingers.

"I think what Dream's *trying* to say," George says, turning to Sapnap. "Is that everyone who's ever had to dress up as Donald Duck or whatever is actually *legally* a furry now. They have to write that when they're filling out their occupation on their tax returns."

Dream finally snaps out of his George-induced haze, face burning as he tugs at his collar. "Oh, right. Like how you write in 'Professional Minecraft Player'?"

"Exactly."

For some reason George looks so fucking *smug*. Like he's recently discovered that he's won some sort of prize or game or *something*; knows something Dream doesn't. It's unsettling. So he voices this aloud.

"Why do you seem so ..." Dream frowns.

"So ... ?"

"I don't know. *Happy*."

That's not the word he's looking for, but it's the closest he can think of.

"Dream, isn't it literally called like, *'the happiest place on Earth'*? It'd be false advertising otherwise."

"You're acting weird."

George hooks an arm around Sapnap's shoulder. "Can't I just be glad that I'm finally hanging out with my two best friends in person?"

"Oh, so I've been upgraded to 'Best Friend' status now?" Sapnap grins.

"... Yes? Obviously. *Sapnap!* What's wrong with you? *Of course, you idiot.*"

"This is just all so sudden. I'm honoured, Gogy." Sapnap scruffs up George's hair. "You hear that, Dream? You better watch out. *I'm coming for your George.* I'm ascending the ranks at *unprecedented speed.*"

Meanwhile Dream can't stop thinking about how during all this, George's hand has found its way over to his beneath the slatted redwood table, fingers intertwining to give it a squeeze, before keeping them both anchored there for the whole rest of their conversation.

* * *

"Dream. You're an idiot," Sapnap begins, when George finally dashes off for a bathroom break four hours later while they're stuck queuing for Big Thunder Mountain Railroad, Dream forlornly watching him vanish off into the crowd, feeling not dissimilar to a lost puppy. The sun is just beginning to set, tinting everything orange.

"What?"

"Listen to me, *very carefully.* I thought you might have twigged by now, but this has gone too far. You know all those times before when I called you an idiot? And it was in a fond way? Because I was joking?"

"... Maybe?"

Dream finally looks back at Sapnap, who has a hand in a packet of honey-coated popcorn, is looking thoroughly unimpressed as he crunches on the kernels at the bottom.

"I'm not joking anymore. You're an actual dumbass."

"What are you *talking* about?"

"George has been flirting with you all fucking day."

Dream blanches.

"See. There you are. Doing it *again.* Why do you look so surprised?"

"Because ... It's ... Come on, it's *George.* He's not ... I think I would know if he was *flirting* with me, Sapnap."

"Yeah. You would think that." Sapnap rolls his eyes. "Has your brain turned to pomace? What has Gogy been *doing* to you? You're a wreck of a man, Dream."

“It’s not George, it’s me. You *know* what I’m like. I’ve just been weird around him today because of my — you know ... thing. *Crush*. Whatever you want to call it.”

“You. Are. Stupid.” Sapnap punctuates each word with a jab of his index finger to Dream’s chest.

“Stop saying that!”

“He has literally been *fucking with you* all day, dude.”

“... What?”

The idea of George not only being aware of Dream’s feelings, but also *purposefully messing with him* just because he can is just so beyond the scope of his understanding of George as a person or their current situation that he has to take a moment to lean up against the railing that runs alongside them. He thinks back over the events of that day, the past few days in his head, and things weirdly start making ... a lot more sense. His heart skips a little beat.

“It’s like — a fun new hobby for him, or whatever, man. Do I have to spell it out? God, you guys are so embarrassing. I feel like I’m in high school again.” Sapnap scrubs at his face with his hands, pinches the bridge of his nose.

“Just ... Shoot your shot, okay? *Please*. I’m *begging you*. I’ve been trying to mind my own business, but there’s only so many revolutions of *It’s a Small World* that I can physically take, with you guys making fuck-eyes at each other while a culturally diverse sea of frolicking animatronic children chant about the joys of friendship, before I’m eventually going to lose my goddamn *mind*.”

Dream clears his throat. “... Right. Okay. So, you make a good point. Convincing, actually.”

“*Thank you*.” Sapnap frustratedly adjusts the pair of novelty Mickey Mouse ears perched atop his head. “Good luck. And hurry up before I find myself staging another intervention. I don’t think I have any more in me.”

* * *

Throughout the entire end-of-day fireworks show, Dream has been replaying he and Sapnap’s conversation over and over again in his head — the possibility that George might *actually* be on the same page as him never getting any less surreal.

It’s just that he’s so ... so *George*. Gogy.

How on Earth could he *possibly* ... ?

He can barely concentrate on the honestly impressive pyrotechnics, he’s so full of anxiety at the prospect of having to talk about his feelings, and the pressure only mounts as it comes closer and closer to the end of the night, Sapnap wandering back to the car while he and George hang back, making their way through Central Plaza and the Main Street Train Station because George keeps insisting that they go on *one last ride*.

They’re exhausted, and Dream’s legs ache from walking, but the atmosphere is comfortable, still feels like it’s charged with energy as they walk side by side, shoulders occasionally bumping. George has an enormous, fleece, stuffed elephant under one arm while in the other he nurses a hot-chocolate in a neon blue to-go cup, trailing little puffs of condensation in the air when he breathes out. Dream still has glitter smeared across his cheeks from when George convinced him to pay five dollars for a girl who was *probably* an employee to attack him with a set of face-paint brushes

somewhere near the entrance to Space Mountain.

The dark and the cold, and the crowds around them, somehow make it a bit easier to talk, Dream loosening up and feeling less self-conscious somehow. It's an almost confessional atmosphere, the distant sound of rides whirring to a stop as they make their way through their last few rotations, laughing and murmured talking, music; cascades of faded light and smoke lingering in the air, sulphur blending with the distant scent of popcorn, churros. With the sun having dipped just below the horizon, everything is so, so blue.

It's peaceful, yet internally Dream's heart is tripping over itself, and his palms are sweating so much he has to keep wiping them on his jeans.

"... George?" He tries his best to keep his voice casual, but there's a slight edge to it anyway.

"Yeah?"

As they walk, the backs of their hands keep occasionally brushing — and Dream is entirely too aware of *everything*, every time their elbows bump, every point of contact. Meanwhile George doesn't seem to notice at all, keeps sipping his hot chocolate, nose and cheeks tinged red from the cold, frame now swamped in his too-big merch hoodie.

"You know how — How I ... Before. When, I was like —" He pauses, tries to gather his thoughts together again while George waits quietly. "I, uh — You know how I was talking to you, before, about the — the *thing*. The Twitter thing?"

"... Yes?"

"And how everyone was kind of, just like, *stupidly* mad at me because I kept making dumb jokes over stream. About us."

"Yeah?"

"And, you know, how after that — I was kind of ... I didn't want to talk about it? Like, it was like, at that point things were kind of *weird* and everyone had different sort of, expectations of me and what they wanted me to say and also like, they wanted me to explain what my thought process was — behind the stuff I was saying about you? To say whether I was just, doing this stupid *bit* on the internet or something and —"

"Dream."

"And it was like — at the Space Centre even *you* asked me why. Why I was being so quiet about it and had just like, not responded at all instead of apologising for being stupid or making some sort of classic YouTuber-apology-style notes app *thing* explaining all the reasons why I'm a dumbass. And I said that it was because, I — I didn't want to have to explain? Well, the reason. It was because ... Because — Well, you know ..." He exhales a self-deprecating laugh, "... because I —"

"Dream."

He stops walking to find George is no longer at his side, is instead standing a few paces back, everyone now parting around them where they've stilled, like they're stones in a stream.

George is looking at him very patiently, with an expression he's never seen on him before — or maybe he has.

"*Dream*. I'm trying to ask you something."

“... Yeah?”

“Do you want to kiss me right now?”

It feels like everything in his brain has suddenly ground to a halt.

He clears his throat. And there's the hint of a smile on George's face, as he just stands there, like he's waiting for an answer. Like he's been waiting all day.

“Oh. Uh —”

George raises his eyebrows slightly, expectantly. “I'm asking you if you'd like to kiss me.”

“I ... I mean, yeah. Yes. Definitely, I would — like to do that.” Dream finds himself saying, despite getting the sense that all of his mental faculties are rapidly shutting down. “I mean, if that's all right with you.”

“Yeah, Dream. It's *'all right with me'*.” George rolls his eyes, huffing out a faint laugh, and Dream's pretty certain that at this point his heart is beating so fast that he's practically seconds away from flatlining.

And yet through some sort of superhuman feat of bravery, he instinctively closes the distance between them, brings shaky hands up to gently cup both sides of George's jaw, has to stoop over ever-so-slightly, and suddenly they're *so close* — and Dream can see the way George's almond eyes crinkle at the edges in amusement, the faint shadows cast by his eyelashes before they slip closed and he tilts his head. When their noses bump Dream can feel how *cold* he is because of the night air — but when their mouths finally meet his whole body floods with warmth.

He can feel the way George smiles into the kiss, the way his hand comes up to gather a fistful of the front of his hoodie to drag them closer together, keeping them going even when Dream tries to break away too soon. And it's everything. Everything Dream had been agonising over for the past year in a single moment, and infinitely better than some measly fireworks show.

Eventually, he has to stop to breathe, though, pulling back, his gaze searching George's *obnoxiously* serene expression.

“... Holy cow.”

George immediately breaks into a brilliant grin before cracking up. “*What? Sorry, what did you just say, Dream?*”

Dream feels his entire face flush crimson. Or, more crimson than before. “Uh —”

“‘*Holy cow*’?”

“I — I don't know! I was surprised! You're — that was — You're good at kissing, okay? Fuck you!”

“And you were *surprised* enough to say ‘holy cow’?”

“*Apparently!*”

Dream is laughing so hard, is so giddy and delirious with relief, overwhelmed, that he's startled when George is suddenly crashing into him again, cutting off his patented tea-kettle wheeze by kissing him *harder*, abandoning his empty drink cup and stuffed animal to bring his hands up to

thread through his *wavy-length* hair. Dream's breath catches and he stumbles back slightly, but a hand immediately comes up to steady him, resting on his lower back.

And this time, when he finds his mind clouding over, he's *definitely* not thinking about seeming articulate and put-together, keeping up appearances on stream or anything stupid like that. All he can think is *George, George kissing him, George asking him to kiss him*; his sandalwood shampoo, the lingering taste of hot chocolate, the scrape of the hint of stubble against his jaw.

Eventually, things start getting out of hand though, with the gentle pressure on his back making its way back up, fingers trailing over the nape of his neck, before tugging at his hair ever so slightly in a way that sends a shuddering jolt of electricity right through his body. He involuntarily gasps into George's mouth, eliciting an amused hum of approval before Dream's eyelashes flutter open and he pulls back, shaking his head.

"Okay — okay. Stop, stop — *stop*," he pants. "Seriously. Don't. Or you're going to ..."

George has the audacity, then, to interrupt, doubling over with his hands on his knees, laughing.

Dream's eyes widen in alarm before narrowing. "You're such a jerk."

"Sorry. It's just funny. I'm still not used to it being this easy."

"Are you serious?"

"I ... might have gone a bit mad with power. For a while there."

"You're a fucking *asshole*." Dream groans, pressing his cold hands to his cheeks, his forehead, trying to will his body to calm down. "Tell me how I managed to fall in love with someone who acts like this."

"*What?*" George splutters. "Dream, *what?* You're '*in love with me*'?"

Immediately, Dream starts stammering. How is it *physically* possible that even *now* his filter is still managing to sabotage him?

"That — that just came out. I'm not —" Part of him sits swimming in embarrassment, while the rest is still too elated to care. "I didn't mean — You *know* what I mean."

"Dream! I didn't know I was *that good*. I'm — I must've been popping *off*," he laughs.

"I can't fucking believe this. I literally hate you. I can't believe you're the person I spend ninety percent of my time with."

"Well, you're stuck with me indefinitely now. So you better get used to it." George shrugs.

"What are you talking about?"

"Are you seriously going to kick me out of your place now? When you're *totally in love with me*?"

"I was never going to kick you out, Gogy."

"Then why —"

"I didn't want you to find out! About my — agh." It's still so embarrassing to talk about. "My *feelings*."

“I hate to break it to you, Dream. But you’re about the least subtle person on the planet.”

“Oh, *come on, now*. You can’t have known this whole time.”

George raises an eyebrow.

“Gogy, you’re killing me.”

“You’re so *dramatic*.”

“I’m not dramatic. I’m *dying*. I’m — *dead*.” He slumps over, half-crushing George under his entire body weight, draping his arms over his shoulders.

“*Help*. Dream, *Dream* — help me. My *spine* ... ‘Can’t *breathe*.’”

They end up wandering around the park for almost a whole other *hour* after that, laughing and talking, reminiscing on all of the hilariously stupid shit Dream said at various points while he was still trying — or *failing* — to hide his feelings and then ranking them from least to most effort displayed. And then, thankfully, before they call an Uber to head home (Sapnap has already long since abandoned them) with the help of Reddit, Dream is miraculously able to convince George that having sex at Disney World isn’t *nearly* as exciting as it sounds on paper, in fact, would probably lead to them not only getting arrested, but also in his case literally deported. To which George only sulks *a little bit*. (*A lot*.) And it’s still so fucking weird. Dream can’t quite fathom it, keeps returning to it over and over again, the fact that George is for some reason actually interested in *him*.

* * *

Around a month later, it’s sometime around 1:00 p.m., and they’ve been sleeping in for way too long — as per usual. Now that Dream and George have moved into the same room together, Sapnap no longer feels he’s able to barge in and *bother* Dream until he gets up which does wonders for their respective sleep schedules. So the two of them are just able to lie there, dozing blissfully in the strip of sunshine that filters in through the curtains as they listen to the sounds of birds and the distant radio. Just because Sapnap doesn’t come and go readily anymore, however, doesn’t stop him from *banging* on the door every five minutes — which is less peaceful.

“Guys — *please*. Stop fucking *snuggling* or whatever the hell else you’re doing in there. I know you’re enjoying domestic bliss, but your *crêpes* are getting *cold*,” Sapnap yells, muffled through the door.

“They’re *pancakes*! Go away!” George yawns, stretches his arms above his head before burrowing back down under the covers, snuggling into Dream’s side and curling under his arm as he shoves his cold feet onto his so that he squirms, yelps in dismay.

Every fucking time.

“What’d you dream about last night?” George asks innocently enough, once his fits of evil laughter have managed to die down.

And finally, Dream doesn’t feel like he has to lie.

“You. As always.”

“Huh. Same.” George stifles another yawn. “Great minds think alike, I guess.”

“I guess.”

“Was it anything *weird*?”

“Uh, no. Honestly — it was pretty chill. We were just like this, I think. Laying here, talking. You kissed me.”

George snorts. “Boring. Dream, you’re *boring*.”

“Come on. What’d *you* dream about, then?”

The duvet rustles as George shimmies upwards, quickly pecks him on the cheek before flopping back into the pillows. “I think you got abducted by aliens and I had to fight them or something. To get you back.”

“Glad to know you think so highly of me and my ability to defend myself.”

“Sorry, man. I’m obviously the — what was it? Hunter? You’re the *huntress*. Dreams don’t lie.”

Maybe George is somewhat right about that statement, actually. Not the weird analogy for who bottoms, obviously he knows the *real* answer to that question, but his dreams always seem to know more about his feelings, and the actual truth of a situation far before he knows it consciously himself. They’re weird that way. Hopefully in George’s case, that doesn’t mean that they’re actually going to get abducted by aliens anytime soon.

“You know you sleep-talk, by the way?” George continues, mumbling through a sigh and closing his eyes again. “You’re so loud, man. I feel like I need noise-cancelling headphones or something just to survive being in the same bed as you.”

Dream chokes.

“I do *what*?”

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